Dahab

"Gold glitters brightest in the hands of those who never touch the pickaxe." —Common saying in Dahab

Overview

Dahab is a city of contradictions—wealth beyond reckoning built on backs bent under the weight of chains. Situated at the heart of Ofir's richest gold veins, its streets gleam with opulence and slick with sin, its palaces rise like monuments to hubris, and its merchant-princes walk in silks finer than Suratan weave. But beneath the perfumed airs and gilded domes is an ugly truth: the mines that fuel Dahab's splendor are worked by the indentured, the desperate, and the enslaved.

In an Ofir that has largely abandoned slavery, Dahab stands as an anomaly. It is tolerated, not embraced; its merchant-princes hold power through coin and steel, securing their dominion with bribes and mercenaries. Yet despite—or perhaps because of—its moral stain, Dahab remains indispensable. Gold oils the wheels of commerce and diplomacy, and in Dahab, gold flows like water.

Government & Power

Dahab is ruled by an oligarchy of Merchant-Princes, families whose wealth, and only wealth, not lineage, dictate authority, legitimacy is measured by the depths of pockets in Dahab and nothing else. The Grand Consortium, a council of these ruling merchants, governs the city with a shrewd, ruthless pragmatism. Laws exist to ensure trade remains uninterrupted, but beyond that, justice is a commodity—bought, bargained, or buried.

While the rest of Ofir condemns slavery, the merchant-princes argue that their system is merely indentured servitude: debtors working off what they owe, criminals paying penance, war captives earning their freedom. In practice, the lines blur, and many never see release. Attempts to force Dahab to abolish the practice have ended in veiled threats—"If the mines stop, so too does Ofir's wealth."

The Mines & The Economy

The lifeblood of Dahab is its gold mines, vast labyrinths that snake like arteries carved into the earth, worked by thousands in stifling darkness. Overseers, hired from the most brutal mercenary companies, ensure quotas are met—by any means necessary. Those who cannot work are left to rot.

Above ground, Dahab is the beating heart of Ofiri commerce. Its markets deal in luxury goods: gold, ivory, precious stones, exotic spices, fine textiles, and, in the darker corners, the sale of people. It is here that foreign powers send envoys to negotiate trade deals, where smugglers and nobles alike seek fortunes, and where betrayal is as common as trade.

Culture & Society

Dahab's ruling elite indulge in hedonistic excess, believing wealth to be proof of divine favor. Their feasts are legendary, their palaces drenched in gold leaf and incense. They look down upon the rest of Ofir, believing themselves the true power behind the throne—"Even malliqs need coin," they say.

But among the lower classes, resentment festers like an open wound. The indentured plot rebellion in the dark of the mines, their songs turning from sorrow to defiance. Slaves who escape often flee to Alnafis, where the clergy shelters them in defiance of Dahab's rule. Smugglers profit from the desperate, ferrying people to freedom—though for a steep price.

Relations with the Rest of Ofir

Alnafis – Vehemently opposes Dahab's reliance on slavery. Tensions run high between the two, with Alnafis offering refuge to escapees.

Dahab's Merchant-Princes & the Ofiri Crown – The merchant-princes hold uneasy ties with the royal court. The wealth they provide keeps them tolerated, but their influence makes them a threat. The Path of Light denounces their practices but dares not move against them outright.

The Aen Nílfe of the East – Elves of the east trade rare artifacts and magical knowledge for gold, but never allow Dahab's merchants to step foot in their lands. Their disdain for human greed is well-known, albeit hypocritical.

Foreign Relations – Nilfgaard and Redania both seek Dahabi gold, but each has different means of securing it. Nilfgaard's diplomats bribe; Redania's spies stir unrest among the indentured. Whenever Northerners speak of "Ofir," they are most likely referring to Dahab.

Adventure Hooks

- A merchant-prince hires the party to track down a stolen shipment of gold, only for them to uncover a conspiracy to smuggle slaves out of the city.

- Miners whisper of strange figures in the deep tunnels—something ancient and hungry stirring in the darkness.

- A rebellion brews among the indentured, and the players must decide: aid the uprising or crush it for the promise of wealth?

- A foreign envoy from Nilfgaard arrives in Dahab with plans to undermine the merchant-princes' rule—but their methods may be worse than Dahab's own.

Alnafis

"Gold dims, steel rusts, but the Light endures." —Inscription at the Gate of Illumination, Alnafis

Overview

Alnafis is more than a city; it is a beacon, the seat of the spiritual soul of Ofir. Crowning a high steppe that glows under the sun's embrace, Alnafis is a place of devotion, scholarship, and, as of late, resistance. The city is famed for its great temple—the Domes of Samaa, the holiest site of the Runewright school of Ofiri faith, a towering structure of white limestone and blue-tiled domes, its walls inscribed with sacred glyphs that shimmer faintly under the moon.

But Alnafis is no stranger to conflict. It stands at odds with the Path of Light, a rival sect that claims the true faith lies elsewhere, and with Dahab, whose merchants see faith as an obstacle to commerce. The city takes in fugitives, escaped slaves, and those who seek refuge from the material greed of the world, offering them not wealth, but purpose.

Here, faith is not just ritual, but law, philosophy, and even magic. The city's priests and scholars devote their lives to studying the ancient runes that bless their temples and relics, believing them to be remnants of divine knowledge and even syllables of the more complete, perfect name of God. While no ruler sits upon a throne in Alnafis, the High Rune-Keeper—an elected spiritual leader—guides the city with wisdom and patience, their authority equal parts revered and contested.

Government & Power

Alnafis is a theocracy, but not a rigid one. The Council of Hujjat, composed of scholars, priests, and warriors, governs the city, balancing tradition with the realities of survival. Decisions are made slowly, debated over texts and visions, but once a course is chosen, it is unshakable.

The High Rune-Keeper, chosen from among the most enlightened scholars, serves as the city's spiritual compass. Unlike kings, they do not command armies, yet their words carry weight even beyond Ofir. Alnafis' priests have whispered in the ears of sultans and emperors alike, guiding rulers toward the light—or cursing them for their hubris.

Despite its emphasis on peace, Alnafis is no defenseless sanctuary. The Runesworn, warrior-monks wielding blades and sacred inscriptions, both on their weapons and their flesh,

protect the city's borders. They believe in defense, not conquest—but they have shattered armies that dared defile their holy grounds.

Faith & Magic

The Runewright School, dominant in Alnafis, believes that the universe was written into being by a single, universal God, and that sacred runes—if properly understood—can alter reality itself. This belief fuels a form of magic unique to the city: Runic Inscription, where prayers, etched into stone, steel, or even flesh, can ward off harm, summon blessings, or bind malevolent spirits.

The Path of Light, a competing sect, denounces this practice as dangerous—"Divine will is not to be written, but followed." This theological rift has led to tensions, even bloodshed, between the two factions, as each seeks to prove itself the true faith of Ofir.

A school in Alnafis, simply called the Madrasa, teaches sources to become mages, honing their powers with discipline, scholarship, and above all, faith. Graduates become sorcerers of zealous devotion to the God, conditioned to use their abilities only for His will—and by extension, Alnafis—not in service of the self.

Culture & Society

Alnafis is a city of contemplation, discipline, and scholarship. The streets are lined with open courtyards where scribes copy ancient texts, young acolytes debate philosophy, and merchants sell incense, prayer beads, and protective talismans. The scent of saffron and myrrh swims in the air, carried on the wind from the temple gardens.

Unlike the decadence of Dahab, Alnafis' wealth is spiritual. Gold is seen as a necessary evil, used sparingly, never hoarded. Many of its people wear simple white robes, a symbol of purity, though warriors and nobility may bear finely woven silk.

The city is also home to a large refugee population, consisting of escaped slaves from Dahab, exiles from foreign lands, and those seeking a life of meaning. These souls are given shelter, not coin, but in exchange, they must dedicate themselves to a craft, study, or service.

Relations with the Rest of Ofir

Dahab – The greatest rival of Alnafis. The faith condemns Dahab's reliance on slavery, and many of its priests secretly fund networks that smuggle indentured servants to freedom. The merchant-princes retaliate by spreading rumors of corruption within the clergy.

The Path of Light – A schism within Ofir's religious fabric. The Path of Light's followers believe in direct communion with the divine rather than glyph-based scripture. The rivalry is mostly intellectual but has led to violent clashes in the past.

Vashik – A land of postcolonial struggles, where faith is often all people have left. Alnafis has sent missionaries to Vashik, offering guidance and sanctuary, though not all welcome their presence.

The Aen Nílfe of the East – The elves view Alnafis with caution, respecting its wisdom but despising its human arrogance, again hypocritically. Some elven scholars, however, secretly seek the city's knowledge of runic magic, believing it may hold lost Aen Elle secrets.

Foreign Powers – Redania and Nilfgaard have both sent envoys seeking to understand Ofir's faith. Nilfgaard sees Alnafis as a potential ally, Alnafis sees them as a nuisance.

Adventure Hooks

- A sacred inscription has been stolen, its theft a grave sin. The players must retrieve it before it falls into the hands of those who seek to pervert its magic.
- A fugitive from Dahab has taken refuge in the temple, but bounty hunters seek to drag them back. Do the players uphold sanctuary, or sell the fugitive for coin?
- A sect of zealots, claiming to be the purest followers of the Runewright School, has begun enforcing harsh decrees. The city is on edge—do they seek reform, or tyranny?
- A Path of Light preacher has come to Alnafis, demanding a debate with the High Rune-Keeper. The city is abuzz—will words lead to understanding, or bloodshed?

Vashik

"Once, our people carved poetry into marble. Now, we carve our history into flesh, for we have no walls left to write upon."
— Sereya Vasran, Vashiki historian

Overview

Vashik is a city that does not belong to itself. Once a crown jewel of the Aen Nílfe empire in the east of Ofir, it now stands as a place of conflicted identity, a land reclaimed but never truly freed. The towering white-stone spires left behind by the elven overlords still loom over the city, weathered by time and resentment. Their elegant craftsmanship speaks of a past golden age—though for the Vashiki people, that age was one of chains.

Now, Vashik is a city of survivors, humans who overthrew their elven masters generations ago but still struggle with their inheritance. Some cling to the past, claiming noble Aen Nílfe blood in their veins, while others reject all traces of elven culture, seeking to erase the memory of

servitude. This conflict festers in the streets, where half-elven descendants are caught between worlds—too human to be elves, too elven to be human.

Vashik remains fractured, restless, and angry, caught between the dream of a new identity and the ghosts of its past. Wealth flows through the city, but it is controlled by those who benefited most from the transition—old families who were once favored servants of the elves, now self-proclaimed nobility. Meanwhile, former revolutionaries, warriors who once fought for freedom, find themselves outcasts in the very city they bled for.

Government & Power

Vashik has no true ruler, but instead a loose council of merchant-lords, military leaders, and religious scholars, each vying for dominance in a fragile balance of power. The city's governance is inconsistent, with law shifting depending on which faction holds the most influence at any given time.

The main factions include:

The Vasran Concord – A collection of old noble families, many of whom were collaborators under the Aen Nílfe rule. They claim their ties to elven blood grant them wisdom and authority, though many view them as little more than opportunists who traded one form of oppression for another.

The Crimson Pikes – A militant order founded by the descendants of human revolutionaries. They seek to purge all elven influence from Vashik, erasing the old architecture, banning elven languages, and enforcing a strict human identity. Some call them patriots. Others call them extremists.

The Duskborn – The city's half-elven population, caught in a constant state of persecution and political maneuvering. Too weak to rule, too numerous to ignore, they exist as brokers, spies, and survivors, adapting to whichever faction holds power while dreaming of their own place in the world.

The Temple of Flesh—a pseudo-religious cult that emerged in the aftermath of the revolution. They believe in atonement through suffering—or pleasures so keen and all-consuming they eclipse all senses. Advocating a path of penance and pleasure, they alternate between the two, testing the limits of experience so that vengeance becomes a distant memory. They provide aid to the poor, house refugees, and host lavish orgies (when times are good)—but their neutrality makes them enemies to all sides, and the Runewrights consider them decadent and sinful. They are led by twin priestesses, two Duskborn girls who tasted injustice at the hands of the Crimson Pikes and vowed never to be its victims again.

Culture & Society

Vashik is a city of masks—both literal and metaphorical. The people have learned to speak in half-truths, to bow without bending, to hate without speaking. The tradition of elaborate veils, which had been once a signature of elven nobility, has been repurposed; now, the veiled man is the man who does not wish to be known, whether he is a spy, a fugitive, or a noble avoiding assassination.

The arts in Vashik are both celebration and rebellion. Music and poetry remain deeply influenced by Aen Nílfe traditions, but their meanings have shifted—melodies that once sang of elven conquest now weep for human suffering. Dance remains a core part of the city's culture, but some performances are political statements, reenacting the fall of the elves or satirizing the city's ruling families.

The city's greatest artisans are its glassmakers, a craft inherited from their former masters. Vashiki glass is considered among the finest in Ofir, its vibrant colors unmatched. Most precious among these crafts are the delicate glass masks, coveted for the exquisitely decadent, Nilfgaardian-inspired masquerades in Dahab. However, much of the wealth from this trade is controlled by the Vasran Concord, who claim ancestral rights to the industry.

Faith & Magic

Faith in Vashik is fragmented, much like the city itself. Some still cling to the elven beliefs, particularly those who claim Aen Nílfe ancestry, while others cling to the Runewright School as a means of forging a new identity. The Temple of Flesh offers a path of forgiveness and escapism, but the Crimson Pikes see this as cowardice, calling for a militant faith built on strength.

Magic is both revered and feared. The Aen Nílfe left behind arcane ruins, and their descendants still carry traces of their mystical heritage. Some half-elves are born with latent magical abilities, a gift that makes them both valuable and feared. Elven relics are still hidden beneath the city, occasionally unearthed by those foolish—or desperate—enough to seek their power.

Relations with the Rest of Ofir

Alnafis – Some scholars in Alnafis see Vashik as a lost soul in need of guidance, sending missionaries to preach about reclaiming faith over bloodlines. This is met with mixed reactions—some embrace it, others see it as yet another attempt to rewrite their history.

Dahab – The merchant-princes of Dahab exploit Vashik's turmoil, buying up resources and selling elven artifacts to foreign collectors. While some Vashiki families profit from this, others see it as sacrilege—selling off the last remnants of their past.

The Aen Nílfe of the East – Though their rule is long gone, the elves have not forgotten Vashik. Some dream of reclaiming the city, seeing the human rebellion as an insult that has never been avenged. Others, more subtly, whisper in the ears of noble families, promising power in exchange for loyalty to their old masters.

Siva & Narayana – These cities, with their strong warrior traditions and blended cultures, offer Vashik a possible path forward—a way to reconcile its past rather than destroy it. Some Vashiki youth travel to these lands, hoping to find something their home could never give them: peace.

Adventure Hooks

The Ghost of Empire – An ancient Aen Nílfe warlord has returned—not in body, but in spirit. Something has awakened their essence, and now they haunt the city, whispering promises of power to those who will listen.

The Revolution Never Ended – A faction of former rebels, long thought dead, has resurfaced. They claim that the city was never truly liberated and seek to overthrow the current rulers. But are they freedom fighters—or just another form of tyranny?

The Glassmaker's Secret – A famed Vashiki glassmaker has vanished, leaving behind a single, flawless black mirror. Those who gaze into it claim to see visions of the past—or warnings of the future.

The Pogrom – The Crimson Pikes are planning a purge of all half-elves, and the Duskborn are preparing to resist. The city stands on the edge of a bloodbath. Do the players intervene, or let history take its course?

Siva & Narayana

"They say Siva is the warrior and Narayana is the scholar, but to truly understand them, you must walk their streets, hear their songs, and feel the dust of their roads cling to your skin. They are not enemies, nor are they truly brothers. They are two hands of the same body—one wields the sword, the other the pen."
— Faris ibn Rafiq, merchant of Dahab

Overview

Nestled along the eastern spice roads of Ofir, where the desert gives way to lush river valleys and sacred groves, right at the doorstep of the Aen Nilfe lands, lie Siva and Narayana—twin cities that stand as mirrors of one another, bound by fate yet divided.

Siva, the City of the Kshatriya, is a bastion of warriors, mercenaries, and rajahs who rule by steel and blood. It is a land where honor is currency, strength is law, and battle is the ultimate test of the soul. The city is built upon centuries-old traditions of duty, discipline, and sacrifice, and to its people, power must be earned through struggle.

Narayana, the City of the Vidwan, is a sanctuary of scholars, sages, and poets. It is a place where words wield as much power as swords, and where wisdom, debate, and the pursuit of knowledge are held sacred. While Siva sharpens blades, Narayana sharpens minds, drawing seekers of truth from all corners of Ofir.

Their rivalry is legendary, yet their dependence on each other is undeniable. Siva provides warriors to guard Narayana's libraries, and Narayana's scholars preserve the histories of Siva's conquerors. One cannot exist without the other.

Many in Ofir harbor the belief that Siva and Narayana are but informal vassal states of the Aen Nilfe elves. There is credence to this, as their foreign policies seem to entirely favor the elves and their goals. Both cities also speak a dialect of the Aen Nilfe language. Some even go so far as to say that the divide between the two is entirely imposed by the elves, for they fear what would happen should the sword fully join the mind.

Government & Power

Each city follows its own path to governance, yet both remain deeply rooted in tradition, lineage, and divine mandate.

Siva is ruled by the Sabha of Shakti, a council of warriors, rajahs, and dueling masters. Entry into the Sabha is not inherited but won through deeds—whether in war, in the arena, or in feats of leadership. However, strength in Siva is not reckless violence, but the wisdom to wield power with restraint.

Narayana is guided by the Sabha of Jnana, a council of scholars, mystics, and gurus. To earn a seat, one must contribute to the city's body of knowledge, whether through philosophy, scientific discovery, or arcane mastery. Their rule is one of debate and consensus, and every decision is argued before being set to law.

Despite their differences, both cities understand balance—Siva teaches that knowledge without the will to defend it is fragile, while Narayana reminds that might without wisdom is ruinous.

Culture & Society

Siva and Narayana revere opposing ideals, yet share an unshakable devotion to legacy, honor, and tradition.

Siva: The City of the Kshatriya

Siva is a city of discipline, duty, and martial honor. Every citizen, noble or peasant, is taught the value of struggle and strength from childhood.

The Akhara of Virya: Siva's famed warrior academies produce some of the finest fighters, tacticians, and mercenaries in Ofir. Students train in swordplay, archery, and battlefield strategy, but also in dharma—the warrior's duty.

The Agni Pariksha (Trial by Fire): Every Sivan must pass a trial of combat at adulthood—whether in the dueling pits, the battlefield, or a test of endurance. To fail is to be forever seen as an incomplete soul.

The Yuddha Mandir (Temple of War): Warriors pray before their battles in these temples devoted to deities of war and justice. The belief that death in honorable combat leads to rebirth in a greater form is strong in Siva.

To the people of Siva, courage is the highest virtue, and fear is the gravest sin.

Narayana: The City of the Vidwan

Narayana values intellect, art, and spiritual enlightenment above all else. It is a city of temples, libraries, and debating halls, where to win an argument is as respected as winning a duel in Siva.

The Maharshi Granthagar (Great Library of the Sages): A vast collection of scrolls, scriptures, and magical texts, some dating back to before the First Sun. It is said that secrets lost to time can still be found within its halls.

The Sabha Yajna (Festival of Minds): Every year, the greatest minds of Narayana gather to debate philosophy, science, and magic. Victors earn titles of respect, and the most profound discussions are preserved in sacred texts.

The Kala Mandap (Temple of Arts): While Siva trains warriors, Narayana nurtures poets, dancers, and musicians, believing that art is a weapon as powerful as steel.

To the people of Narayana, knowledge is the only true path to power, and ignorance is the only true enemy.

<u>Faith & Magic</u>

Faith in Siva and Narayana is as much philosophy as religion, yet their interpretations are vastly different.

Siva venerates deities of war, valor, and duty. Prayers are offered before battle, and warriors seek divine favor to guide their blades true. Some believe that the spirits of fallen heroes watch over them, guiding them in battle.

Narayana follows a more spiritual and metaphysical path. Fate, karma, and dharma shape its belief system, and its scholars seek to understand the cosmic order (Rta) that governs the universe. Astrology, alchemy, and the study of ley lines are widely practiced.

Magic is viewed differently in each city:

In Siva, magic is a tool of war—battle-mages called Agniyoddha (Fire Warriors) wield spells alongside steel.

In Narayana, magic is a path to enlightenment—sorcerers spend decades in meditation, study, and ritual, seeking to align themselves with the flow of the cosmos.

Relations with the Rest of Ofir

Alnafis – Narayana admires Alnafis' scholarly traditions, while Siva sees it as too soft and decadent.

Dahab – Dahab’s merchants fuel both cities, but Siva finds them untrustworthy, while Narayana appreciates their cunning wit.

Vashik – Siva sees Vashik as a broken city that has abandoned its warrior roots, while Narayana watches it as a lesson in the dangers of hubris.

Aen Nílfe of the East – Both cities regard the elves with high respect —and rumors say they are thoroughly at the grip of the elves.

Adventure Hooks

The Blood & The Ink – A Sivan warlord and a Narayani sage both claim a powerful artifact. One sees it as a weapon, the other as knowledge. Who deserves it?

The Duel of Dharma – The rulers of Siva and Narayana seek peace but cannot agree on terms. Instead, they decree a duel of warriors and scholars to settle their fate.

The Hidden Manuscript – A lost text from the Maharshi Granthagar has surfaced in Siva, containing a forgotten spell that could rewrite history. But who should control it?

Aen Nílfe

"They speak of duty, of order, of the divine burden they bear. They recite verses of cosmic balance, of righteous rule. Yet beneath the gilded script and the perfumed words, you will find blood. They build their temples atop the bones of those they deem lesser, and they call it justice. They tame rivers, burn forests, and call it harmony. Beware the Aen Nílfe, for they do not conquer with swords alone—they conquer with belief."
— Harun al-Khafi, scholar of Alnafis

Overview

The Aen Nílfe are a people of contradictions. They are warrior-priests, philosophers of conquest, mystics with imperial ambitions. Unlike the wandering, dispossessed Aen Seidhe, the Aen Nílfe are a people firmly entrenched in the lands they have claimed, ruling with the belief that they alone are meant to bring balance to the world, even if it means breaking it first.

They do not see themselves as mere elves. They are the rightful shepherds of the world, divinely ordained to rule over the chaotic, directionless mortals beneath them. To resist them is not just rebellion—it is defiance against the natural order itself.

Their lands stretch across the eastern fringes of Ofir, fertile valleys, holy rivers, and mountain citadels wrested from human hands. Once, these lands were home to great human kingdoms, but to the Aen Nílfe, their previous inhabitants were stewards who had outlived their purpose. Now, those humans are either assimilated into a strict, caste-like hierarchy or relegated to the slums, farms, and barren frontiers where their suffering goes unseen.

To an outsider, the Aen Nílfe appear cultured, devout, and enlightened. Their cities gleam with temples of white marble, their streets hum with poetry and song, and their scholars debate the mysteries of existence in incense-filled halls. But their wisdom is a cage, their enlightenment a noose.

Culture & Society

The Aen Nílfe do not see themselves as a race, but as a divine caste—a people bound by blood, faith, and duty. They believe that the world is not meant to be equal, that hierarchy is the law of nature, and that they stand atop it by design.

The Dharmavara (Sacred Path) – Every Aen Nílfe is taught that life follows a cosmic hierarchy, and that one's duty is to uphold order, not challenge it. Humans, to them, are lesser souls, trapped in an existence of chaos and ignorance.

The Varna'haran (Fourfold Order) – Their society is structured into four grand castes, each reflecting what they call the balance of the universe:

Brahmavira (Philosopher-Kings) – The ruling elite, scholar-priests who govern with wisdom and cold precision. They alone commune with the divine and dictate the course of civilization.

Kshatravira (Warrior-Lords) – The military caste, enforcing the rule of the Brahmavira with unwavering devotion. They are raised from birth to see war as a sacred duty, a purification of the world.

Vaishyavira (Merchants & Artisans) – The backbone of Aen Nílfe society, controlling trade, industry, and infrastructure. They finance expansion, ensuring wealth flows upward.

Shudravira (The Lesser Races) – Humans, half-elves, and those deemed impure. Some serve, others suffer. Their role is not to rule, but to toil, to provide, to exist under the shadow of their betters.

To break from one's caste is to shatter the sacred order. To challenge the Aen Nílfe's rule is to rebel against the gods themselves.

Faith & Ideology

The Aen Nílfe do not believe in mere gods. They believe in cosmic balance, in a grand, divine architecture where all things must fall into place.

The Ashta Dharma (The Eightfold Law) – A doctrine that governs every aspect of life, from warfare to marriage to governance. It dictates that the strong must lead, the wise must guide, and the weak must serve.

Karmakshatra (The Just Conquest) – The belief that expansion, war, and subjugation are not acts of greed, but acts of cosmic correction. If humans lose their lands to the Aen Nílfe, it is because fate deemed them unworthy of keeping them.

Yajna-Tirtha (The Blood Offering) – Aen Nílfe warriors engage in ritualized acts of conquest, where fallen enemies are cremated with sacred rites—not out of mercy, but to purge them from existence, ensuring they do not taint the cycle of rebirth.

To an outsider, Aen Nílfe spirituality appears rich, complex, and deeply philosophical. But beneath the incense and verses, it is a faith built to justify dominion, to anoint slaughter with sanctity, to make tyranny feel righteous.

Military & Expansion

The Aen Nílfe military is both disciplined and fanatical, shaped by the belief that their wars are not mere conquest, but acts of divine necessity.

The Agnivira (Warrior-Priests) – Elite paladins who blend magic with martial prowess, each carrying sacred relics into battle, chanting war-prayers as they cut through foes.

The Rajkshatri (Noble Cavaliers) – Heavily armored knights who charge with ceremonial splendor, their banners flowing, their war cries echoing scripture. To them, battle is a sacred performance.

The Sudraks (Human Auxiliaries) – Humans forced to fight in Aen Nílfe armies. They are given the worst weapons, the worst armor, and used as expendable fodder, dying in droves while their elven overlords remain untarnished.

Despite their strength, the Aen Nílfe do not fight wars without cause. Every battle is justified, every act of conquest cloaked in religious and philosophical rhetoric. To them, their opponents are not just enemies—they are obstacles to the perfection of the world.

Relations with the Rest of Ofir

Siva & Narayana – The Aen Nílfe see the twin cities as a failed attempt at true hierarchy. Siva's warriors are brutes who fight without enlightenment, while Narayana's scholars hoard knowledge without purpose. But still useful.

Dahab – The Aen Nílfe tolerate Dahab's merchants, seeing them as useful, if greedy, intermediaries. But should Dahab ever become a threat, they would erase it without hesitation.

Alnafis – To the Aen Nílfe, Alnafis is a den of corruption, a failed society that lacks direction or purpose. It is proof of what happens when the lesser races govern themselves.

Vashik – Once, the Aen Nílfe saw Vashik as a potential colony. Now, they see it as a fallen kingdom, a land of mixed blood and broken legacies. They would claim it in an instant if not for the complications of war.

Adventure Hooks

The False Prophet – A human leader has begun to challenge the Aen Nílfe's divine claims, amassing an underground following. If he is not stopped, the very foundation of their rule could crack.

The Stained Manuscript – A forbidden text has surfaced, one that suggests the Aen Nílfe's claims of divine lineage are built on lies. If it reaches the wrong hands, their entire empire could collapse.

The Blood Debt – Aen Nílfe warriors seek vengeance for a massacre, yet rumors say they started the slaughter themselves. Are they pursuing justice, or merely rewriting history?